ATTENTION

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'ARASITE

PARASITE

PATPONG SISTERS
Cleo Odzer
(Blue Moon)

DESIRE BY NUMBERS
Nan Goldin & Klaus Kertess
(Artspace)

CHARMER
Jack Olsen
(Morrow)

PROPERTY OF THE FOLSOM WOLF
Don Lasseter
(Pinnacle)

SLUTS

Eyes wide open. Fixed on the nappy dirty knotted hard head bobbing and jerking in your lap. It's all dark and shadows back here but your lurid mind works it all out motion picture perfect. Those slurping sounds help mask the disgust you sense every now and again when it gets especially wet. And sloppy. One hand scratches your thigh and balls with its thick broken and chewed fingernails like it's supposed to help you cum or distract you from the other hand near your wisely empty pocket.

Move to see her creviced beaten face and she'll react angrily. Her focus is all in her rhythm and licking and nipping won't help at all. That hand will squeeze and pull the thing right out of its base if you don't happen quicker and nothing's built that strong. She'll think having you stare at her mauled and saggy dugs and worn out chest will be a treat, her motherly tongue wiggle and full-on stare while she slurs that'sitbabycomeonbaby will get her out quicker. Skinny pointy fingers. Stretched out thick throat with slick greasy blotches and bumps and knots along that oily brown shit skin. Thick lips barely sliding against a hard cock that centers in and out to the back of her empty head like a big soundless tunnel. Dry inside and damaged. And lost and worthless.

If you put your cock inside her cunt you'd have to stare at her again. Read her crack deformed brain through her TV face and ghetto features. Where she was brought up like you never were. And maybe that rubber would feel too tight round your cock and her insides -her rotting liquor soaked womb and leathery quim- would be wasted by the pinching latex sterility. Too foreign and removed and what you want is to spear the cunt into pain and reaction -about her place here- and a condom only means you need a hole to help you spew like a weak scrounging dog. Or maybe not pain. And certainly not confrontation. No cops. No fights. No pimps. No loud arguments. Pay her more than she asked for. Become a regular. Become safer. Become like those dogs.

What you want is different than what you need. What you

You just have to wait. Until Bobby Thompson and Jon Venables get old enough to write their autobiographies and discuss their crime the way you hope. Because it is important to know exactly what happened to little James' dick and how his foreskin was pulled back.

And you'll have to wait at least until Rose West's trial is over to find out why all but one of the nine bodies found buried at 25 Cromwell Street had their fingers and toes cut off, now that Fred West has hung himself.

Last month Myra Hindley talked to Leslie White of The Sunday Times (London) just before she found out that she'll never be allowed to leave prison. Myra's not giving up anything spectacularly new but the picture does get clearer and brighter all the time:

"I didn't know the tape was there, really I didn't, the first I knew about it was at the trial. I went into the bedroom and he was trying to take her coat off and she was saying, no, I want to go home, please don't hurt me, and struggling with him...I walked out."

and

"It all started with

want isn't her acknowledgment, pain and explanations and the Sally Jesse Raphael Show. What you want is to see a screwdriver rammed into that hollow head and throat where your cock is. Both hands clamped tight around its heavy red and white handle and above her gaping empty stinking dank mouth. Her tonsils. Her hard cracked dirty yellow teeth smashing and breaking from the back of her bloody gums when you slam the screwdriver back out again. Jamming it right back into the roof of her mouth, ripping it down into that fat pink tongue like a dead cow getting stuck again and again. Smashing those fucking cutting teeth with the hard metal and plastic handle and your fist and finally with your boot as you stomp and grind and destroy her nigger whore face, all bloodied and ripped and torn and pained with your heel.

Sutcliffe.

That hammer deep into her head and that screwdriver torn into that ugly cunt and across and up her beastly dead breasts.

It's not because they're whores. It's not because they're there and easy. Or because they sell their vaginas and faces like cheap mindless adjuncts to your pathetic animal needs and uncontrollable lusts. Not because they're all niggers. Not because they're all women. Even the ones with dicks. Not because they're for sale.

Someday, someone is going to kill a perfect girl. One that doesn't sell her head to fuck, her stretched-out cavernous cunt and swollen asshole.

Doesn't sell it for money.

For crack. For heroin. For alcohol. For her needy screeching diaperless baby. For influence. For fun. For attention. For the images of her fat assed father squatting his bulk next to her on her teenage bed and running those hairy paws under the sheets while she slept. And when she graduated into keeping one eye open seeing that dark hulk stretching and pulling at his greasy hard dick inches from her face while he stared and clutched and squeezed her firm jutting tits with her mother's fat pink nipples and clean untouched areolas. Moved his hand down to that soft hair and slipped his fingers down underneath to feel that tight asshole, pisshole, wombhole. Here suck it this time. Don't tell your mom. Oh fuck what am I doing. You're old enough now. Shut your fucking mouth. Open your mouth. Shut the fuck up. Suck it you bitch. You fucking cunt. Grabbing those tits and petting that patch. Cumming on her fresh face and into that crying hurting hating hole and clean sleepy teeth.

"Sex with Samuel is always... pleasant, never a chore. To date, he's the best nipple sucker I've ever encountered, and the only person ever to give me nipple orgasms. He adores big breasts, which is possibly the main reason he's kept coming for seventeen years (pun intended). He's not interested in my pussy at all, or any sexual variety. Whenever I try anything the least bit out of the ordinary, he insists he's "just a meat and potatoes man". He doesn't want anything fancy, just a regular ole B.J. I have to admit, it's nice not having to be creative to keep him coming back. I do try to make the blow-job last, though."
ANNIE SPRINKLE POST PORN MODERNIST, Annie Sprinkle, Art Unlimited, 1991)

For comfort. For fear. For loneliness.

Maybe a cunt that doesn't know the difference.

She'll be daddy's most precious girl. Not at all like Pauline. She was the first. I saw her in the street and I said to her, 'I've lost my gloves up on the moor, will you come and help me look for them.' So we went up there together and he followed us.

"I knew her, I went to work with her mother and on my way back from the moor I walked past them as they were going out to search for Pauline."

And of Brady, who now says Hindley was the one to strangle Leslie:

"He couldn't bear that I had replaced him as my god and he saw my faith as a terrible betrayal of his atheism. His letters had become more and more insulting... he wrote asking me what colour hair shirt I was wearing."

But rare is the jailhouse interview that proves worth the wait or trouble. While the so-called underground press explodes with excitement over their newly discovered access to lonely and bored waste cases, the sad truth that those cheap moralists and thoughtless pedants of the regular and established publishing houses and broadcasting agencies will remain the only ones to impart worthwhile information (no matter how hard you have to dig for it) becomes, frustratingly, more obvious.

G.J. Schaefer's rants may be shining examples of tense prison art-masturbatory, violent, self-aggrandizing sex fantasies and manias. Which are nice. But a

eagled diagonally across the four-poster bed, heels about three feet apart. One arm rested on a blue pillow. Her hairdo looked recent; her long nails were neatly manicured; her toenails bore an iridescent purplish polish. Part of her brain seeped out. Her mouth was stuffed with a white plastic vibrator. Under her left forearm was a hardbound copy of MORE JOY OF SEX: A LOVEMAKING COMPANION TO THE JOY OF SEX.

"Her body had been violated from her scalp to the soles of her feet with small, neat stab wounds, some not much deeper than nicks. (...) they appeared to have been made after death in a practice known as piquerism, an uncommon necrophilic perversion."

Nevertheless the story is there. And there is a dedication to the material over the typical formula of quick interviews and court reviews that make up most true crime rags these days. Case in point: PROPERTY OF THE FOLSOM WOLF. Don Lasseter's cheap paperback has all the elements of dog and fries drudgery. His account of the mess that is Greg Marlow and Cynthia Coffman and their (as advertised) "California spree of torture and murder" is the perfect example of sloppy, lazy reporting that, fittingly, mirrors the worth of the crimes. A white trash couple -stupid, careless, riddled with speed- careen through a few days of frenzied inept robbery whereby a couple girls just happen to get raped and murdered. And the classic background cycles: Marlow's family consists of a drug-addicted whore mother and an abusive drug-peddling father, and Marlow pays it all back to trailer trash Cynthia who, of course, spouts tales of intense sadistic beatings and coercion during her trial. In fact, so tired are these excuses and rationalizations that the arresting officers virtually told Cynthia her defense/life just as soon as they met her:

"Hooper picked up Scotty's theme. 'Cyndi, you're not a slave any more. You don't do what he tells you any more. You're a human being....You never have to be intimidated by him again. He'll never cut your hair again. He'll never put handcuffs on you again, or beat you....He'll never gag you again. He'll never put a blindfold on you again, and he'll never urinate on you again.'

"Hooper's litany and instincts were remarkable. At that point, he did not know that Marlow had urinated on the body of Lynel Murray."

With such easy answers and easy crimes, the facts that might separate the acts and impulses from the rest of the nigger and dog shows are left forever blank. And as newspapers and TV reports hardly deem robberies and murders (without the benefit of as-it-happens video footage) worthy of reporting it looks as Mr. Lasseter's reasons for pulling this case lays mostly in their skin color. The lengthy descriptions of Cynthia's beatings and tortures by Marlow seem convenient and utilitarian. Sadly. Her confessions to the crimes -which form the backbone of the book and court case- are obviously constructed ends and Lasseter is only too quick to settle for them. Even when the autopsies attest to much more action than the particulars would admit to:

"Lynel Murray's body lay facedown, her right leg on the toilet seat, her left leg on the floor; the upper part of her torso stretched over the rim of the bathtub and leaned limply down toward the water where her face was submerged. Her black skirt was twisted and the blouse partially ripped open. The panty hose and maroon bra she had worn was missing. Deep bruises marked her back, ribs, and face. Both of her eyes had been blackened. Her neck, scalp, and nose were battered and bruised. The necklace chain she treasured was missing, and would never be found.

"Her left hand, with the long red fingernails, was twisted behind her back."

It's like pumping your cock into a whore's entire black history and thinking of your wife. Or jerking off thinking about the length and taste of a Thai dancer's cock. Or the heft of a poor Thai slut's tits and not asking her age. You know that pig at that table over there. The one with all that make-up all the fuck over her pimply face. The one with the bright red lips and fat tits. I wonder what she looks like naked. I bet those dugs hang like evil pasty water bags full of cancer and hair. Her cunt huge and thick and wet. Her eyes blank. Her fucking kids in the next room. A hard fat wooden chair leg jammed up her bloody hole. Screaming and pleading and crying and not quite getting the fact that she's gonna look even uglier beaten and raped to death.

checked facts. CHARMER, like THE MISBEGOTTEN SON, PREDATOR, SON et al is as complete an example of true crime reportage as you're likely to find. However, as the emphasis is on reporting saleable facts (admirable though that is) that's often not where the story -or action- lies.

Because the problem with CHARMER is first; Olsen's subject -George Russel, a violent though tasteless serial killer whose motives are sadly typical and reactionary. He hardly seems to deserve such in-depth dedication. And second; (especially given the banality of Russel) the real story could be seen to sit with the victims and their commonality, but Olsen bows to good taste and panders gloss where talons were required. Maybe the girls are sterotypical victims. Asking for it. Wanting it. Or maybe Russel has more refined tastes. Regardless of expert access and reporting style, the truth and weight of George Russel and his crimes is lost. And Jack Olsen's story of George Russel is as unexciting as the crimes seem to be, save for the brutality.

Olsen is reasonably, dutifully dispassionate when it comes to Russel's life- his drifter-ish personality, his self-hatred (or denial) of his black skin, his lies and desperate manipulation of those younger than him, his criminal mind and burglary fetish, his ready suburban bar "charm". As is expected and appreciated. Pity Olsen doesn't apply the same courtesy to the victims:

Mary Ann Pohlreich

"Lying posed just outside the McDonald's trash corral, she hadn't looked especially brutalized, but the autopsy report showed signs of strangulation, a lacerated nose, facial contusions, deep fractures of the skull, a split liver, contusions and abrasions on both breasts, ragged tears by a foreign object that had been rammed into the anus, and indications of rough penetration of the vagina.

"Intact spermatozoa were found in the vaginal vault but nowhere else; apparently the killer had ejaculated. She was drug-free, her blood alcohol level 0.14. By Washington State standards, she'd been legally drunk at the time of death, or "drunK and a half", as one detective put it."

And

"The detectives quickly confirmed that the murdered woman was a fixture at the newly opened Papagayo's Catina. She wore eye-catching clothes and smoked thin cigarettes. Her nightclub reputation was somewhat at variance from the glowing description provided by her roommate, perhaps because of a behavioral flip-flop when she drank. After one or two Electric Ice Teas, she would attempt to draw attention to herself, sometimes becoming obnoxious. Male regulars considered her a party animal, a "peter-tease" or "P.T." An ex-boyfriend said she would go home with strangers and even sleep in their beds, but refuse to let them touch her. She seemed to use sex as a game, a tool. On the rare occasions when she engaged in intercourse, she acted bored and mechanical."

Carol Beethe

"The killer had struck her repeatedly on the left side of the head. The weapon sliced her left ear and left thirteen distinctive Y shapes about two inches long; they almost suggested a cattle brand. Defensive wounds indicated that she'd been killed quickly but not instantly. One blow had almost severed the little finger. A big purplish bruise defaced her left biceps; it looked like a human bite. There were blood smears on the body, bed and floor, and spatters on ceiling and walls. (...) An autopsy showed that two ribs on her left side had been broken and shoved into the chest cavity, and there were deep bruises on her right side. Apparently she'd been kicked before being violated postmortem with the gun and whatever else."

And

"She enjoyed telephone sex and was an adventurous risk taker. A police report noted: Carol was described as addicted to sex and would try anything concerning sex at least once and more if she enjoyed it. One of the neighbors told us that he could hear her scream from across the street when she was having an orgasm. She liked to have sex with three or more (and) with any combination of genders."

Randi Levine

"The posing was even more startling. Under a white comforter with reddish gray stripes, the naked body of a small-breasted, firmly built woman was spread-

mommy. Or your cunting greedy daughters. Guileless, pure, pristine and every time you fuck her you won't be fucking every other woman in the world. The way you do now.

"As economies begin to develop and women begin to gain access to the labor force, sex industries buy off some women with higher wages than the labor force will provide them, higher income than they provided through prostitution in the earlier phase of economic development. Through state and private industry manipulation of developing economies and with devaluation of female labor established in the family prior to industrialization, often prostitution is the only economic possibility for some women in poverty. However, as economic development accelerates raising the level of materialism in the society as a whole, prostitution is a more likely means for women to get the material gains of industrialization. Women turn to prostitution for material gain in the context of normalized sex industries."
(THE PROSTITUTION OF SEXUALITY, Kathleen Barry, NYU Press, 1995)

Cleo Odzer sees it somewhat differently. A 40ish New Yorker who delights in the feel and look of young Thai men, Ms. Odzer's take on prostitution in Thailand may be refreshing and surprising in these days of one-for-all militant feminism:

"It infuriated me how Thais labelled nonvirgins whores, ruined, and bad, no matter how they got that way or how old they were. In their haste to make sex a male privilege, they faulted females for not being "pure" and rationalized their fallen status as reason to abuse them. 'Ten-year-old girls sold to a brothel and prevented from leaving- that's SLAVERY and RAPE. Prostitution is exchanging sex for profit'."

Ms. Odzer contends she is still very much a feminist. In her book PATPONG SISTERS this fact is reiterated every time one of the men she decides she likes treats her like shit. And she's added an even more personal twist to her feminism in the guise of rabid penis-envy:

"A cloud of furor sat on my chest. What did I feel? Angry with the men? Maybe a bit. Sorry for the girls? Maybe that too. Jealous that men had this sort of thing available to them? Yes, very. And what else? Elated that I'd entered this strange world. Excited that I was trespassing into male territory. Resentful that being serviced by a woman was considered male sexuality. And even more resentful that women didn't have this same right to sexual gratification."

Cleo trolls nightly through Bangkok's sex area Patpong and makes it down to the poor villages that the girls come from to try and adapt a picture of the area's very special and alluring offerings. She is sympathetic to the girls, but unlike the more common and accepted role of those in ivory towers, Cleo sees behind the sex act and looks to the practical mechanics of the situation. Unfortunately it's this reactionary pragmatism -along with a more disturbing tendency towards high school romanticism- that keeps Cleo from knowing exactly how Patpong (and in general: whores) actually work. While Cleo talks about the Eliza Doolittle complex men suffer under-

"This is not a simple love story. The women of Patpong are expert at making foreign men go ga-ga over them. They collect marriage proposals. That's their business. The men see beautiful poor girls supporting their families upcountry and, BOOM, they're in love, heroes saving their maidens in

few well placed hard questions could pin him like a rat in a corner.

In the latest issue of FATAL VISIONS (#14) Schaefer pretends to explain all he knows about Ted Bundy's crimes and the goofy Hand Of Death ("A cult bent on world domination through the power of Satan!"):

"Janice Ott was recalled as an overheated, overeducated sexpot who eagerly and willingly ministered to Ted's penis with her mouth and who eventually expressed puzzlement and concern when Ted did not ejaculate or his erection diminish. Janice learned too late that Bundy's cravings focused on corpses and on that final day of Janice Ott's life the world found out that dead or alive...no shapely blonde could ever be enough woman for the insatiable lusts that consumed Bundy; it was only a matter of a few hours after Ted pulled his shit caked penis out of the flaccid anus of Janice's still warm corpse that Ted kidnapped a perky dark maned young beauty by the name of Denise Naslund."

Schaefer also contributes his thoughts on "his innocence and FUCK magazine" in the new issue of Randall Philip's FUCK (#9).

And, yet again, Henry Lee Lucas is allowed to go back and forth on his murders, pain, confusion, lies and the power of satan. This time in the book length tract THEY CALL

distress."

-and the manipulative lies and ingrained, professional guile of the whores, she clings precariously to the appeal of such things in ultra-safe contexts. She calls the boys she lusts after dolls and cuties but never sees them as quick fucks; she's looking for a relationship each time -a boyfriend she can see regularly even though she knows her stay in Bangkok is temporary. She's operating under the sad misapprehensions of heart and love like they really exist. She sees the action play out in front of her with a heavy storybook stigmatism.

"It is not my intention to glorify Patpong prostitution. To do so would be to exalt the institutions that give rise to it -the poverty of much of the Thai populace and the inequality between Thai males and females. Nonetheless, to me the prostitutes are pioneers in advancing women's autonomy by breaking from the mold of suppressed and passive females. In the same way that soldiers striding into battle are called brave and patriotic regardless of whether they enlisted or were drafted by the government, Thai prostitutes can be called pioneers in defying women's subjugation. They allow themselves this little bit of selfishness and self-indulgence, which Thai culture otherwise denies them."

Simply, Cleo misses the appeal. The appeal that creates the institutions and locks them forever in the deep mud of poverty and stupidity.

"Two blow jobs commenced. One man sat at the far corner of the bar. A hostess, with the top of her dress pulled down, unzipped his pants and bent over to take his penis in her mouth. Her head pumped up and down and the hand that held his penis moved vigorously. The man frequently looked down to watch her. Then he'd gaze casually at the bar. The hostess worked without breaking stride, slowing down, or changing position for seventeen minutes. I wondered if my presence made it take longer than usual. When the man ejaculated, she unrolled a few sheets of toilet paper from the many rolls that lined the bar and cleaned him up. Then she refastened her dress.

"At the same time, another FARANG was being serviced on the couch. One girl kneeled on the floor between his legs fellating him, while another kneeled on the couch to his left offering her breast to his mouth. When he ejaculated, the girl on the floor cleaned him up with toilet paper; no condoms. Meanwhile, Dang's friend had escorted her FARANG to sit on the other side of Dang, and she crouched on the floor between his legs."

Cleo didn't see the wrong things. She probably didn't even talk to the wrong people (though she misses the chance to talk to US soldiers on limited leave and spends most of her time with those FARANG men and Thai women whose relationships have become more intimate than simple trade). Cleo merely settled into a routine sold to her from her parents, TV, 60's hippy-dom and general female stupidity: like most of the pot bellied FARANGS looking for a warm place to spew and mistaking that warmth for something important, she fell into the thinking that sex is necessary and somehow ecumenical. And worse, that it could be connected to trust.

That confusion is also evident in the new Artspace production. DESIRE BY NUMBERS combines Nan Goldin's photos of Thai teen go-go boys and prostitutes with a fictional essay by Klaus Kertess. Klaus' writing sets up an interesting juxtaposition: while the photos are of just the boys on stage looking sexy and lost or off stage looking used, indifferent and quick, the writing suggests a rather different situation. Basically a conversation between two voices (though it is probably all in one head -a schizophrenic pull between attraction and need) the conversation touches those elements that bleed meaning into the dancer's real life. Or more to the point: the customer's real life, as the dancers continue to be warm mannequins devoid of any personality but the situation. AIDS and the slow death from it, the search for sexual adventure and its endemic failure, and the ugly violent ennui of using and collecting model bodies and scores.

Sex doesn't exist in the cocks of these boys (and you don't get to see even one in the photos) or their skinny chests, ugly thick lips and bony limbs, Asian eyes or clenched asses. The Thai videos flooding the porn markets prove it. Bored long cocked Thai boys fucking each other or jerking off for interminably long times in RED HOT BEAUX THAIS and WILD THAIGERS only satisfy (barely) when each tryst ends with the boys furiously jerking themselves off onto each other. Fucking mouths and assholes, even the popular one fist on two cocks are meaningless. It's only the climaxes after removing themselves from each other, shutting their eyes and masturbating that puts paid to the reality. In the same way that one's significant other puts up with your banging away or mouth entreaties under the sky high love and care fantasies, one eventually has to separate the act from the game and get it over with. What's missing from the Thai videos is fat balding men with ugly smiles and thick fists and cash. What could be missing from DESIRE BY NUMBERS is what those photos mean beyond campy dreams and sad empty bodily functions. Mourning over someone's death over acts as fleeting and humiliating as phone sex and a nice looking cock puts some of that perspective back in.

"Peter had fallen in love with Number 9 at the Joy Bar in Bangkok, although he and Number 9 had been entangled for only an hour or so in the fluorescent magic of one of the many cubicles behind the bar. For years he never stopped raving about Number 9, the boy of joy. Nubile, warm and slippery, mystifyingly acrobatic, endlessly accomodating but constantly in the lead, a serpent's tongue capable of wrapping itself around his erection, a mouth as thick and sensual as a pre-Khmer Vishnu, black eyes that shot sparks of laughter, and a long, pointed penis that remained rock hard for the duration of their encounter -these are but a partial catalogue of Peter's ecstatic words. Even as he lay in the hospital with his skin so tightly drawn around his shrivelling frame that his rib cage was about to break through and his skin's near transparency was festooned with Kaposi's polka dots, Peter still raved about Number 9. Number 9, he was quite certain, had been the groom of his demise; but, as long as he could still talk, he talked about this boy of joy with tears of joy in his eyes. He died with the Number 9 on his lips."

It is left to the one in control to create the other's personality. The hole you fuck is the hole you chose. The numb nigger head you sat on the end of your cumming cock is what you decided you wanted. What you wanted to enjoy and experience and empty. The terms are negotiable and may or may not be within reason. But the head that sticks a crack pipe in its mouth a few times a day, shits out ghetto rats and clogs the sewers with its bleeding and crying and pissing is only for sale because of the market that demands it.

But someday, someone is going to kill -and rape and mutilate and destroy- a perfect girl. Someday, someone's going to kill a woman that doesn't deserve it. And decorum won't insist on the sloppy canonization of the victim. The family won't feel the need to argue the dear's plight or stolen guaranteed future. And writers like Jack Olsen and Don Lasseter won't fall all over themselves with euphemisms and mops and buckets of bleach.

And until then you'll have to settle for what is available. The next best thing. The things on the market that (remember) you set up and built but maybe were too lazy to finish. Like George Russel and Greg Marlow had to.

Jack Olsen attacks George Russel's life in the same professional way he attacks most of his recent blockbuster true crime subjects. He lets the particulars tell the story through voluminous interviews and aggressively

ME SISTER CLEMMIE (Clementine Schroeder, Westminster Press, 1993). Clemmie is a missionary who works the prisons and her very favorite lamb is Henry, who says:

"I began to see where I was goin' wrong. With her teachin' I could see what god wanted from me. There ain't no words to say what she personally means to me, cuz without her an' jesus I wouldn't be here today."

and more and more and more.

Similarly, Varg Vikérnes of the band BURZUM. Now serving his sentence for the bloody murder of a close friend, Varg has ballooned full on as a cheezy odinist who spouts the fairytale Norse gods and war pose whenever he gets the chance to impress a sycophantic and gawking black metal fan. At points Varg seems close to discerning what it took for a teenage boy to knife-rape another but the chances are lost in a mire of just read kindergarten stories.

"He was a fucking faggot! Euronymous died in his fucking underwear trying to run away from his killer(s), screaming like a fucking hysterical woman."

Steve O'Malley has the above published in his fanzine DESCENT (#1) and has another interview with Varg in the latest SOUNDS OF DEATH (#5).

PARASITE #17
January 1995
c. Peter Sotos